

Abfalom Senior:

O R,

ACHITOPHEL

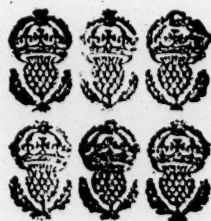
TRANSPOS'D.

A

POEM.

Revis'd, with ADDITIONS.

Si Populus vult decipi, &c.



L O N D O N :

Printed for S.E. and Sold by *Langley Curtis*, at the Sign
of *Sir Edmondbury Godfrey*, near *Fleetbridge*. 1682.

To the Tories.

Gentlemen, for so you all write your selves ;
and indeed you are your own Heralds, and
Blazon all your Coats with Honour and
Loyalty for your Supporters ; nay, and
you are so unconscionable too in that point, that you
will allow neither of them in any other Scutcheons but
your own. But who has 'em, or has 'em not, is not my
present business ; onely as you profess your selves Gentle-
men, to conjure you to give an Adversary fair play ;
and that if any person whatsoever shall pretend to be
aggrieved by this P O E M, or any part of it, that he
would bear it patiently ; since the Licentiousness of the
first Absalom and Achitophel has been the sole occasion
of the Liberty of This, I having onely taken the Measure
of My Weapon, from the Length of his : which by
the Rules of Honour ought not to offend you ; especially,
since the boldness of that Ingenious Piece, was wholly
taken from the Encouragement you gave the Author ;
and 'tis from that Boldness onely that this P O E M
takes its Birth : for had not his daring Pen brought
that Piece into the World, I had been so far from trou-

The Epistle to the Tories

ing my self in any Subject on this kind, that I may justly say in one sence, the Writer of that Absolom, is the Author of this. This favour, as in Justice due, obtain'd from you, I shall not trouble you with a long Preface like a tedious Compliment at the Door, but desire you to look in for your Entertainment. Onely I cannot forbear telling you, that one thing I am a little concern'd for you Tories, that your Absoloms and Achitophels, and the rest of your Grinning Satyres against the Whiggs, have this one unpardonable Fault, That the Lash is more against a David, than an Achitophel; whilst the running down of the *P L O T* at so extravagant a rate, savours of very little less (pardon the Expression) than ridiculing of Majesty it self, and turning all those several Royal Speeches to the Parliament on that Subject, onely into those double-tongu'd Oracles that sounded one thing, and meant another. Besides, after this unmannerly Boldness, of not onely branding the publick Justice of the Nation, but affronting even the Throne it self; to push the humour a little farther, you run into ten times a greater Vice, (and in the same strain too) than what you so severely enveigh against: and whilst a *POPISH PLOT* through want of sufficient Circumstances, and Credible Witnesses, miscarries with you, a *PROTESTANT PLOT* without either Witness or Circumstance at all, goes currant. Nay, you are so far now from your former niceties and scruples, and disputing about raising of
Armies

The Epistle to the Tories.

Armies, and not one Commission found, that you can swallow the raising of a whole Protestant ARMY, without either Commission, or Commission-Officer; Nay, the very When, Where, and How, are no part of your Consideration. 'Tis true, the great Cry amongst you, is, The Nations Eyes are open'd; but I am afraid, in most of you, 'tis only to look where you like best: and to help your lewd Eye-sight, you have got a damnable trick of turning the Perspective upon occasion, and magnifying or diminishing at pleasure. But alas, all talking to you is but impertinent, and sending and proving, signifie just nothing; for after all Arguments, both Parties are so irreconcilable, that as the Author of Absalom wisely observed, they'll be Fools or Knaves to each other to the end of the Chapter. And therefore I am so reasonable in this point, that I should be very glad to divid' em between' em, and give the Fool to the Tory, and the Knave to the Whigg. For the Tories that will believe no P O P I S H P L O T, may as justly come under that denomination, as They, that David tells us, said in their Hearts, there was no God. And then let the Whiggs that do believe a Popish Plot be the Knaves, for daring to endeavour to hinder the Effects of a Popish Plot, when the Tories are resolved to the contrary. But to draw near a conclusion, I have one favour more to beg of you, that you'll give me the freedom of clapping but about a score of years extraordinary on the back of my Absalom. Neither is it altogether

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ther so unpardonable a Poetical License, since we find as great slips from the Author of your own Absolom, where we see him bring in a Zimri into the Court of David, who in the Scripture-story dyed by the Hand of Phineas in the days of Moses. Nay, in the other extrem, we find him in another place talking of the Martyrdom of Stephen, so many Ages after. And if so famous an Author can forget his own Rules of Unity, Time, and Place, I hope you'll give a Minor Poet some grains of Allowance, and he shall ever acknowledge himself

Your Humble Servant.

ABSOLOM

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Abfalom Senior:

O R,

A C H I T O P H E L Transpos'd.

IN Gloomy Times, when Priestcraft bore the sway,
 And made Heav'n's Gate a Lock to their own Key :
 When ignorant Devotes did blindly bow ,
 All groaping to be fav'd they knew not how :
 Whilst this *Egyptian* darkness did orewhelm,
 The Priest sat Pilot even at Empires Helm.
 Then Royal Necks were yok'd, and Monarchs still
 Held but their Crowns at his Almighty Will.
 And to defend this high Prerogative ,
 Falsely from Heaven he did that power derive :
 By a Commission forg'd i'th' hand of God ,
 Turn'd *Aarons* blooming wand, to *Moses* snaky Rod.
 Whilst Princes little Scepters overpowr'd ,
 Made but that prey his wider Gorge devour'd.
 Now to find Wealth might his vast pomp supply ,
 (For costly Roofs besit a Lord so high)
 No Arts were spar'd his Luster to support ,
 But all Mines searcht t'enrich his shining Court.
 Then Heav'n was bought, Religion but a Trade ;
 And Temples Murders Sanctuary made.
 By *Phineas* Spear no bleeding *Cozbies* groan'd ,
 If *Cozbies* Gold for *Cozbies* Crimes aton'd.
 With these wise Arts, (for Humane Policy
 As well as Heav'nly Truth, mounts Priests so high)
 'Twixt gentle Penance, lazy Penitence,
 A Faith that gratifies both Soul and Sense ;

With

With easie steps to everlasting Bliss, -
 He paves the rugged way to Paradise.
 Thus almost all the Profelyte-World he drives,
 Whilst th'universal Drones buz to his Hives.
 Implicite Faith Religion thus convey'd
 Through little pipes to his great Channel laid;
 Till Piety through such dark Conduits led,
 Was poyson'd by the Spring on which it fed.
 Here blind Obedience to a blinder Guide,
 Nurst that Blind Zeal that rais'd the Priestly pride;
 Whilst to make Kings the Soverain Prelate own,
 Their Reason he enslav'd, and then their Throne.
 The Mitre thus above the Diadem soar'd,
 Gods humble servant He, but Mans proud Lord.
 It was in such Church-light blind zeal was bred,
 By Faiths infatuating Meteor led;
 Blind Zeal, that can even Contradictions joyn;
 A Saint in Faith, in Life a Libertine;
 Makes Greatness though in Luxury worn down,
 Bigotted even to th'Hazard of a Crown;
 Ty'd to the Girdle of a Priest so fast;
 And yet Religious only to the wast.
 But Constancy atoning Constancy,
 Where that once rains, Devotion may lye by.
 T'espouse the Churches Cause lyes in Heavens road,
 More than obeying of the Churches God.
 And he dares fight for Faith, is more renown'd,
 A Zealot Militant, than Martyr crown'd.

Here the Arch-Priest to that Ambition blown,
 Pull'd down Gods Altars, to erect his own:
 For not content to publish Heav'ns command,
 The Sacred Law penn'd by th'Almighty Hand;
 And *Moses*-like twixt God and *Israel* go,
 Thought *Sinai's* Mount a Pinacle too low.
 So charming sweet were Incense fragrant Fumes,
 So pleas'd his Nostrils, till th'Aspirer comes
 From offering, to receiving Hecatombs;
 And ceasing to adore, to be ador'd,
 So fell Faiths guide: so loftily he tower'd,

Till

'Till like th' ambitious *Lucifer* accurst,
Swell'd to a God, into a Fiend he burst.

But as great *Lucifer* by falling gain'd
Dominion, and even in damnation reign'd.
And tho from Light's blest Orb for ever driven,
Yet Prince o'th' Air, h'had that vast Scepter giv'n,
T'have Subjects far more numerous than Heav'n.
And thus inthron'd with an infernal spight,
The genuine malice of the Realms of night,
The Paradise he lost, blasphemes, abhors,
And against Heav'n proclaims eternal wars;
No Art's untry'd, no hostile step's untrod,
Both against Truths Adorers, and Truths God.

So Faiths faln Guide, now *Baals* great Champion reign'd;
Wide was his Sway, and mighty his Command:
Whilst with implacable Revenge he burn'd,
And all his Rage against Gods *Israel* turn'd.
Here his invenom'd Souls black gall he flings,
Spots all his Snakes, and points his Scorpions stings:
Omits no force, or treacherous design,
Blest *Israel* to assault, or undermine.

But the first Sword did his keen malice draw,
Was aim'd against the God like *Deborah*.
Deborah, the matchless pride of *Judah's* Crown,
Whose Female hand *Baals* impious Groves cut down,
His banisht Wizards from her *Israel* thrust,
And pounded all their Idols into dust.
Her life with indefatigable pain,
By Daggars long, and poysons sought in vain;
At length they angry *Jabins* rage inflam'd,
Hazors proud King, for Iron Chariots fam'd;
A Warriour powerful, whose most dreadful Host
Proclaim'd *Invincible* (were humane boast
Infallible) by haughty *Sisera* led,
'Gainst *Deborah* their bloody Banners spread.
But *Deborah* her *Barak* calls to War;
Barak, the Suns fam'd fellow-traveller,
Who wandring o're the Earths surrounded Frame,
Had travell'd far as his great Mistress Fame.
Here *Barak* did with *Deborah's* vengeance fly,

And to that swift prodigious Victory,
 So much by Humane Praises undefin'd,
 That Fame wants Breath, and Wonder lags behind.
 To Heav'n's high Arch her sounding Glories rung,
 Whilst thus great *Deborah* and *Barak* sung.

Hear, oh ye Princes, oh ye Kings give Ear,
 And *Israel's* great Avengers Honour hear.
 When God of Hosts, thou *Israel's* Spear and Shield,
 Wentst out of *Seir*, and march'dst from *Edom's* field,
 Earth trembled, the Heaven's drop'd, the Clouds all pour'd;
 The Mountains melted from before the Lord;
 Even thy own *Sinai* melted into streams,
 At *Israel's* dazling Gods refulgent Beams.
 In *Shamgar* and in *Jael's* former days,
 The wandring Traveller walk'd through by-ways.
 They chose new Gods. No Spear nor Sword was found,
 To have Idolatry depos'd, Truth Crown'd:
 Till I alone, against *Jehovah's* Foes;
 I *Deborah*, I *Israel's* Mother rose.
 Wake *Deborah*, wake, raise thy exalted Head;
 Rise *Barak*, and Captivity Captive lead.
 For to blest *Deborah*, belov'd of Heaven,
 Over the Mighty is Dominion given.
 Great *Barak* leads, and *Israel's* Courage warms;
Ephraim and *Benjamin* march down in Arms:
Zebulon and *Nephtaly* my Thunder bore,
Dan from her Ships and *Asher* on the Shore.
 Behold *Megiddo's* waves, and from afar,
 See the fierce *Jabins* threatening storm of War.
 But Heaven's 'gainst *Sisera* fought, and the kind Stars
 Rank'd their embattl'd Fires for *Deborah's* Wars;
 Shot down their Vengeance that miraculous day,
 When *Kishon's* Torrents swept their Hosts away.
 But curse ye *Meroz*, curse'em from on high,
 Did the denouncing voice of Angels cry;
 Accurst be they that went not out to oppose
 The Mighty; *Deborah's*, God's, and *Israel's* Foes.
 Victorious *Judah*! Oh my Soul, th'hast trod,
 Trod down their strengths. So fall the Foes of God.
 But they who in his Sacred Laws delight,

Be as the Sun when he sets out in night.

Thus sung, thus conquer'd *Deborah*; thus fell
Hers, and Heav'ns Foes. But no Defeat tames Hell.
By Conquest overthrown, but not dismay'd,
'Gainst *Israel* still their private Engines play'd.
And their dire Machinations to fulfil,
Their stingstorn out, they kept their poyson still.
And now too weak in open force to joyn,
In close Cabals they hatcht a damn'd Design,
To light that Mine as should the world amaze,
And set the ruin'd *Israel* in a blaze.

When *Judahs* Monarch with his Princes round,
Amidst his glorious Sanedrim sate Crown'd,
Beneath his Throne a Cavern low, and dark
As their black Souls, for the great Work they mark.
In this lone Cell their Midnight-hands bestow'd
A *Stygian* Compound, a combustive load
Of Mixture wondrous, Execution dire,
Ready the Touch of their Infernal Fire.
Have you not seen in yon æthereal Road,
How at the Rage of th'angry driving God,
Beneath the pressure of his furious wheels
The Heav'ns all rattle, and the Globe all reels?
So does this Thunder's Ape its lightning play,
Keen as Heav'ns Fires, and scarce less swift than they.
A short-liv'd glaring Murderer it flies,
In Times least pulse, a Moments wing'd surprize;
'Tis born, looks big, talks loud, breaths death, and dies. 22
This Mixture was th'Invention of a Priest;
The Sulphurous Ingredients all the best
Of Hells own growth: For to dire Compounds still
Hell finds the Minerals, and the Priest the Skill.

From this curst Mine they had that blow decreed,
A Moments dismal blast, as should exceed
All the Storms, Battles, Murders, Massacrees,
And all the strokes of Dagger, Swords, or Spears,
Since first *Cain's* hand at *Abel's* Head was lift:
A Blow more swift than Pestilence, more swift
Than ever a destroying Angel rod,
To pour the Vial of an angry God.

The Train was laid, the very Signal giv'n;
 But here th'all-seeing *Israel's* Guardian, Heav'n
 Could hold no longer, and to stop their way,
 With a kind Beam from th'*Empyræan* Day,
 Disclos'd their hammering Thunder at the Forge;
 And made their Cyclops Cave their Bolts disgorge.

Discover'd thus, thus lost, betray'd, undone,
 Yet still untir'd, the restless Cause goes on;
 And to retrieve a yet auspicious day,
 A glowing spark even in their Ashes lay,
 Which thus burst out in flames. In *Geshur* land,
 The utmost bound of *Israel's* Command,
 VWhere *Judah's* planted Faith but slowly grew,
 A Brutal Race, that *Israel's* God ne'r knew:
 A Nation by the Conquerours mercy grac'd,
 Their Gods preserv'd, and Temples undefac'd;
 Yet not content with all the Sweets of Peace,
 Free their Estates, and free their Consciences;
 'Gainst *Israel* those Confederate Swords they drew,
 VWhich with that vast assassination slew:
 Two hundred thousand butcher'd Victims shar'd
 One common Doom: no Sex nor Age was spar'd:
 Nor kneeling Beauties tears, nor Virgins cries,
 Nor Infants smiles: No Prey so small but dies.
 Alas, the hard-mouth'd Blood-hound, *Zeal*, bites through;
 Religion hunts, and hungry Jaws pursue.
 To what strange Rage is Superstition driven,
 That Man can outdo Hell to fight for Heav'n!
 So Rebel *Geshur* fought: so dround in gore,
 Even Mother Earth blusht at the Sons she bore;
 And still asham'd of her old staining Brand,
 Her head shrinks down, and quagmires half their Land.
 Yet not this blow *Baals* Empire could enlarge
 For *Israel* still was Heav'n's peculiar charge:
 Unshaken still in all this Scene of Blood,
 Truths Temple firm on golden Columns stood.
 VWhilst *Saul's* revenging Arm proud *Geshur* scourg'd,
 From their rank Soil their *Hydra's* poyson purg'd.

Yet does not here their vanquish'd Spleen give o'r,
 But as untir'd, and restless as before,

Still through whole waiting Ages they outdo
 At once the Chymists Pains and Patience too.
 VWho, tho he sees his bursting Limbecks crack,
 And at one blast, one fatal Minutes wrack,
 The forward Hopes of sweating years expire;
 VWith sad, yet painful hand new lights his Fire:
 Pale, lean, and wan, does health, wealth, all consume
 Yet for the great Elixir still to come,
 Toyls and hopes on. No less their Plottings cease;
 So hope, so toyl, the foes of *Israels* peace.

VWhen lo, a long expected day appears,
 Sought for above an hundred rowling years;
 A day i'th' Register of Doom set down,
 Presents 'em with an Heir of *Israels* Crown.
 Here their vast hopes of the rich *Israels* spoils,
 Requites the pains of their long Ages Toils.
Baals Banners now i' th' face of day shall march,
 VWith Heav'ns bright Roof for his Triumphal Arch.
 His lurking Missioners shall now no more
 From foreign Schools in borrow'd Shapes come o're;
 Convert by Moon-light, and their Mystick Rites
 Preach to weak Female half-Soul'd Profelytes.
 An all-commanding Dragon now shall soar,
 VWhere the poor Serpents onely crawl'd before.
Baals Restoration, that most blest Design,
 Now the great work of Majesty shall shine,
 Made by his consecrating hand Divine. }
 He shall new plant their Groves, with each blest Tree,
 A graft of an Imperial Nursery.
 In the kind Air of this new *Eden* blest,
 Percht on each Bough, and Palaces their Nest;
 No more by frightening Laws forc'd t'obscure flight,
 And gloomy walks like obscene Birds of Night;
 Their warbling Notes like *Philomel* shall sing,
 And like the Bird of *Paradise* their wing.
 Thus *Israels* Heir their raviht Souls all fired;
 For all things to their ardent hopes conspired.

His very youth a Bigot Mother bred,
 And tainted even the Milk on which he fed.
 Him only of her Sons design'd for *Baals*
 Great Champion 'gainst *Jerusalems* proud VValls;

Him dipt in *Stigian* Lake, by timely craft,
 Invulnerable made against Truths pointed shaft.
 But to confirm his early poyson'd Faith,
 'Twas in the cursed Forreign Tents of *Gath*,
 'Twas there that he was lost. There *Absolon*
 By *David's* fatal Banishment undone,
 Saw their false Gods till in their Fires he burn'd,
 Truths Manna, for *Egyptian* Flesh-pots, scorn'd.
 Not *David* so; for he Faiths Champion Lord,
 Their Altars loath'd, and prophane Rites abhorr'd :
 Whilst his firm Soul on wings of *Cherubs* rod,
 And tun'd his Lyre to nought but *Abrahams* God.
 Thus the gay *Israel* her long Tears quite dry'd,
 Her restor'd *David* met in all her Pride;
 Three Brothers saw by Miracle brought back,
 Like *Noah's* Sons sav'd from the worlds great wrack;
 An unbelieving *Ham* grac'd on each hand,
 'Twixt God-like *Shem*, and pious *Japhet* stand.
 'Tis true, when *David*, all his storms blown o're,
 Wafted by Prodigies to *Jordans* shore,
 (So swift a Revolution, yet so calm)
 Had cur'd an Ages wounds with one days Balm;
 Here the returning *Absolon* his vows
 With *Israel* joyns, and at their Altars bows.
 Perhaps surpriz'd at such strange blessings showr'd,
 Such wonders shewn both t'*Israels* Faith, and Lord,
 His Restoration-Miracle he thought.
 Could by no less than *Israels* God be wrought.
 Whilst the enlightned *Absolon* thus kneels,
 Thus dancing to the sound of *Aarons* Bells,
 What dazling Rays did *Israels* Heir adorn,
 So bright his Sun in his unclouded Morn !
 'Twasthen his leading hand in Battle drew
 That Sword that *David's* fam'd ten thousand slew :
David's the Cause, but *Absolons* the Arm.
 Then he could win all Hearts, all Tongues could charm :
 Whilst with his praise the ecchoing plains all rung,
 A thousand Timbrels play'd, a thousand Virgins sung;
 And in the zeal of every jocund Soul,
Absolons Health with *David's* crown'd one Bowl.

Had he fixt here, yes, Fate, had he fixt here,
 To Man so sacred, and to Heaven so dear,
 What could he want that Hands, Hearts, Lives could pay,
 Or tributary Worlds beneath his feet could lay ?
 What Knees, what Necks to mount him to a Throne ;
 What Gems, what Stars to sparkle in a Crown ?
 So pleas'd, so charm'd, had *Israels* Genius smil'd.
 But oh, ye Pow'rs, by treacherous Snakes beguil'd,
 Into a more than *Adams* Curse he run,
 Tasting that Fruit has *Israels* World undone.
 Nay, wretched even below his falling state,
 Wants *Adams* Eyes to see his *Adams* Fate.
 In vain was *Davids* Harp and *Israels* Quire ;
 For his Conversion did in vain conspire :
 For though their influence a while retires,
 His own false Planets were th' Ascendent Fires.
 Heav'n had no lasting Miracle design'd ;
 It did a while his fatal Torrent bind.
 As *Joshen's* VVand did *Jordan's* streams divide,
 And rang'd the watry Mountains on each side.
 But when the marching *Israel* once got o're,
 Down crack the Chrystal VVall ; the Billows pou'r, 3
 And in their old impetuous Channel roar.

At this last stroke thus totally o'rethrown,
 Apostacy now seal'd him all her own.
 Here op'd that gaping Breach, that fatal door,
 Which now let in a thousand Ruines more.
 All the bright Virtues, and each dazling Grace,
 Which his rich Veins drew from a God-like Race ;
 The Mercy, and the Clemency Divine,
 Those sacred Beams which in mild *David* shine ;
 Those Royal Sparks, his Native Seeds of Light,
 Were all put out, and left a Starless Night.
 A long farewell to all that's Great and Brave :
 Not Cataracts more headstrong ; as the Grave
 Inexorable ; Sullen and Untun'd
 As Pride depos'd ; scarce *Lucifer* dethron'd
 More Unforgiving ; his enchanted Soul
 Had drank so deep of the bewitching Bowl,
 Till he whose hand, with *Judahs* Standart, bore
 Her Martial Thunder to the *Tyrian* shore,

Arm'd in her Wars, and in her Laurels crown'd ;
 Now, all forgotten, at one one stagg'ring wound,
 Falling from *Israels* Faith ; from *Israels* Cause,
 Peace, Honour, Interest, all at once withdraws :
 Nor is he deaf t'a Kingdoms Groans alone,
 But could behold ev'n *David's* shaking Throne ;
David, whose Bounty rais'd his glittering Pride,
 The Basis of his Glories Pyramide.
 But Duty, Gratitude, all ruin'd fall :
 Zeal blazes, and Oblivion swallows all.
 So *Sodom* did both burnt and drown'd expire ;
 A poyson'd Lake succeeds a Pile of Fire.

On this Foundation *Baals* last Hope was built,
 The sure Retreat for all their Sallying Guilt :
 A Royal Harbour, where the rowling Pride
 Of *Israels* Foes might safe at Anchor ride ;
 Defie all Dangers, and even Tempests scorn,
 Though *Judah's* God should thunder in the Storm.

Here *Israels* Laws, the dull Levitick Rolls,
 At once a clog to Empire, and to Souls,
 Are the first Martyrs to the Fire they doom,
 To make great *Baals* triumphant Legends room.
 But ere their hands this glorious work can Crown,
 Their long-known Foe the Sanedrin must down ;
 Sanedrins the Free-born *Israels* Sacred Right,
 That God-like Ballance of Imperial Might ;
 Where Subjects are from Tyrant-Lords set free,
 From that wild Thing unbounded Man would be ;
 Where Power and Clemency are poys'd so even,
 A Constitution that resembles Heaven.
 So in th'united great T H R E E - O N E we find
 A Saving with a Dooming Godhead joyn'd.
 (But why, oh why ! if such restraining pow'r
 Can bind Omnipotence, should Kings wish more ?)
 A Constitution so Divinely mixt,
 Not Natures bounded Elements more fixt.
 Thus Earths vast Frame with firm and solid ground,
 Stands in a foaming Ocean circled round ;
 Yet This not overflowing, That not drown'd.
 But to rebuild their Altars, and enstal
 Their Mouten Gods, the Sanedrin must fall ;

That

That Constellation of the Jewish Pow'r,
 All blotted from its Orb must shine no more ;
 Or stamp't in *Pharoah's* darling Mould, must quit
 Their Native Beams, for a new-model'd Light ;
 Like *Egypt's* Sanedrins, their influence gone,
 Flash but like empty Meteors round the Throne :
 That that new Lord may *Judah's* Scepter wield,
 To whom the old Brickill Taskmasters must yield ;
 Who, to erect new Temples for his Gods,
 Shall th'enlav'd *Israel* drive with Iron Rods ?
 If they want Bricks for his new Walls t'aspire,
 To their sad cost, he'l find them Straw and Fire.

All this t'effect, and their new Fabrick build,
 Both close Cabals and Forreign Leagues are held :
 To *Babylon* and *Egypt* they send o're,
 And both their Conduct and their Gold implore.
 By such Abettors the sly Game was plaid ;
 One of their Chiefs a Jewish Renegade,
 High-born in *Israel*, once *Michals* Priest,
 But now in *Babylons* proud Scarlet drest.
 'Tis to his Hands the Plotting Mandats come
 Subscrib'd by the Apostate *Absolon*.

Nay, and to keep themselves all danger-proof,
 That none might track the *Belial* by his Hoof,
 Their Correspondence veil'd from prying Eyes,
 In Hieroglyphick Figures they disguise.
 Husht as the Night, in which their Plots combin'd,
 And silent as the Graves they had design'd ;
 Their Ripening Mischiefs to perfection sprung.
 But oh ! the much-loath'd *David* lives too long.
 Their Vultures cannot mount but from his Tomb ;
 And with too hungry ravenous Gorges come,
 To be by airy Expectation fed.

No Prey, no Spoil, before they see Him Dead.
 Yes, Dead ; the Royal Sands too slowly pass,
 And therefore they're resolv'd to break the Glass :
 And to ensure Times tardy dubious Call,
 Decree their Daggers should his Sythe forestall.
 For th'execrable Deed a Hireling Crew
 Their Hell and They pick out ; whom to make true,

An Oath of Force so exquisite they frame,
 Sworn in the Blood of *Israels* Paschal Lamb.
 If false, the Vengeance of that Sword that slew
Egypt's First-born, their perjur'd Heads pursue.
 Strong was the Oath, the Imprecation dire;
 And for a Viand, lest their Guilt should tire,
 With promis'd Paradise they cheer their way;
 And bold's the Souldier who has Heaven his pay.

But the ne'r-sleeping Providence that stands
 With jealous Eyes o're Truths up-lifted Hands;
 That still in its Lov'd *Israel* takes delight,
 Their Cloud by Day, and Guardian Fire by Night;
 A Ray from out its Fiery Pillar cast,
 That overlook'd their driving *Jehu's* hast.
 All's ruin'd and betray'd: their own false Slaves
 Detect the Plot, and dig their Masters Graves:
 Not Oaths nor Bribes shal lbind, when great *Jehovah* saves.
 The frighted *Israelites* take the Alarm,
 Resolve the Traitors Soceries t'uncharm:
 Till cursing, raving, mad, and drunk with Rage,
 In *Ammons* Blood their frantick Hands engage.

Here let the Ghost of strangl'd *Amnon* come,
 A Specter that will strike Amazement dumb;
Amnon the Proto-Martyr of the Plot,
 The Murder'd *Amnon*; their Eternal Blot;
 Whose too bold zeal stood like a *Pharos* Light,
Israel to warn, and track their Deeds of Night.
 Till the sly Foe his unseen Game to play,
 Put out the Beacon to secure his way.
Baal's Cabinet-Intrigues he open spread,
 The Ravisht *Tamar* for whose sake he bled.
 T'unveil their Temple and expose their Gods,
 Deserv'd the vengeance severest Rods:
 Wrath he deserv'd, and had the Vial full.
 To lay those Devils had possess'd his Soul,
 His silenc'd Fiends from his wrung Neck they twist;
 Whilst his kind Murderer's but his Exorcist.
 Here draw, bold Painter, (if thy Pencil dare
 Unshaking write, what *Israel* quak'd to hear,)
 A Royal Altar pregnant with a Load
 Of Humane Bones beneath a Breatden God.

Altars so rich not *Molocks* Temple show ;
 'Twas Heaven above, and *Golgotha* below.
 Yet are not all the Mystick Rites yet done :
 Their pious Fury does not stop so soon.
 But to pursue the loud-tongu'd Wounds they gave,
 Resolves to stab his Fame beyond the Grave ;
 And in Eternal Infamy to brand
 With *Ammons* Murder, *Ammons* righteous Hand.
 Here with a Bloodless wound, by Hellish Art,
 With his own Sword they goar his Lifeless Heart.
 Thus in a Ditch the butcher'd *Amnon* lay,
 A Deed of Night enough to have kept back the Day.
 Had not the Sun in sacred vengeance rose,
 Asham'd to see, but prouder to disclose,
 Warm'd with new Fires, with all his posting speed,
 Brought Heav'n's brigh Lamp to shew th'Infernal Deed.
 What art thou, Church! when Faith to propagate,
 And crush all Bars that stop thy growing state,
 Thou break'st it through Natures, Gods, and Humane Laws,
 Whilst Murder's Merit in a Churches Cause.

How much the Ladder *Jacobs* does excel :
 Whose Top's in Heaven like his, but foot in Hell ;
 Thy Causes Bloody Champion to befriend,
 For Fiends to Mount, as Angels do Descend.

This was the stroke did th'alarm'd World surprize,
 And even to Infidelity lent Eyes :
 Whilst sweating *Absolon* in *Israel* pent,
 For fresher Air was to bleak *Hebron* sent.
 Cold *Hebron* warm'd by his approaching sight,
 Flusht with his Gold, and glow'd with new delight.
 Till Sacred all converting Interest
 To Loyalty, their almost unknown Guest,
 Op'd a broad Gate, from whence forth-issuing come,
 Decrees, Tests, Oaths, for well-sooth'd *Absolon*.
 Spight of that Guilt that made even Angels fall,
 An unbarr'd Heir shall Reign : In spight of all
 Apostacy from Heav'n, or Nature's tyes,
 Though for his Throne a *Cain* built Palace rise.
 No wonder *Hebron* such Devotion bears
 T'Imperial Dignity, and Royal Heirs ;

For they, whom Chronicle so high renowns
For selling Kings, should know the price of Crowns.

Here, Glorious *Hushai*, let me mourn thy Fate,
Thou once great Pillar of the *Hebron* State :
Yet now to Dungeons sent, and doom'd t'a Grave.
But Chains are no new Sufferings to the Brave.
Witness thy pains in six years Bonds endur'd,
For *Israels* Faith, and *David's* Cause immur'd.
Death too thou oft for *Judah's* Crown hast stood,
So bravely fac'd in several Fields of Blood.
But from Fames Pinnacle now headlong cast,
Life, Honour, all are ruin'd at a Blast.

For *Absolons* great L. A W thou durst explain ;
Where but to pry, bold Lord, was to prophane :
A Law that did his Mystick God-head couch.
Like th' Ark of God, and no less Death to touch.
Forgot are now thy Honourable Scars,
Thy Loyal Toyls, and Wounds in *Judah's* Wars.
Had thy pil'd Trophies *Babel*-High, reacht Heav'n,
Yet by one stroke from *Absolons* Thunder given,
Thy towring Glorie's levell'd to the ground ;
A stroke does all thy Tongues of Fame confound,
And, Traitor, now is all the Voice they sound.

23

True, thou hadst Law ; that even thy Foes allow ;
But to thy Advocates, as damn'd as Thou,
'Twas Death to plead it. Artless *Absolon*
The Bloody Banner to display so soon :
Such killing Beams from thy young Day-break shot ;
What will the Noon be, if the Morn's so hot ?
Yes, dreadful Heir, the Coward *Hebron* aw.
So the young Lion tries his tender Paw :
At a poor Herd of feeble Heifers flies,
Ere the rough Bear, tusk'd Boar, or spotted Leopard dies.
Thus flusht, great Sir, thy strength in *Israel* try :
When their Cow'd Sanedrins shall prostrate lye,
And to thy feet their slavish Necks shall yield ;
Then reign the Princely Savage of the Field.

Yes, *Israels* Sanedrin, 'twas they alone
That set too high a Value on a Throne ;
Thought they had a God was Worthy to be serv'd ;
A Faith maintain'd, and Liberty preserv'd.

And

And therefore judg'd, for safety and Renown
 Of *Israels* People, Altars, Laws and Crown,
 Th'Anointing Drops on Royal Temples shed
 Too precious Showrs for an Apostates Head.
 Then was that great Delib'rate Counsel giv'n,
 An Act of Justice both to Man and Heav'n,
Israels conspiring Foes to overthrow,
 That *Absolon* should th'Hopes of Crowns forgo.
 Debarr'd Succession ! oh that dismal sound !
 A sound, at which *Baal* stagger'd, and Hell groan'd ;
 A sound that with such dreadful Thunder falls,
 'Twas heard even to *Semiramis* trembling Walls.

But hold ! is this the Plots last Murd'ring Blow,
 The dire divorce of Soul and Body ? No.
 The mangled Snake, yet warm, to Life they'll bring,
 And each disjoynted Limb together cling.
 Then thus *Baals* wise consulting Prophets cheer'd
 Their pensive Sons, and call'd the scatter'd Herd.

Are we quite ruin'd ! No, mistaken Doom,
 Still the great Day, yes that great Day shall come,
 (Oh, rouse our fainting Sons, and droop no more.)
 A Day, whose Luster, our long Clouds blown o're,
 Not all the Rage of *Israel* shall annoy,
 No, nor denouncing Sanedrins destroy.
 See yon North-Pole, and mark *Bootes Carr* :
 Oh ! w'have those influencing Aspects there,
 Those Friendly Pow'rs that drive in that bright *Wain*,
 Shall redeem all, and our lost Ground regain.
 Whilst to our Glory their kind Aid stands fast,
 But one Plot more, our Greatest and our Last.

Now for a Product of that subtle kind,
 As far above their former Births refin'd,
 As Firmamental Fires t'a Tapers ray,
 Or Prodigies to Natures common Clay.
 Empires in Blood, or Cities in a Flame,
 Are work of vulgar Hands, scarce worth a Name.
 A Cake of *Shew-bread* from an Altar ta'ne,
 Mixt but with some Levitical King-bane,
 Has sent a Martyr'd Monarch to his Grave.
 Nay, a poor Mendicant Church-Rake-Hell Slave

Has stab'd Crown'd Heads ; slight work to hands well skill'd,
 Slight as the Pebble that *Goliath* kill'd.
 But to make Plots no Plots, to clear all Taints,
 Traitors transform to Innocents, Fiends to Saints,
 Reason to Nonsense, Truth to Perjury ;
 Nay, make their own attesting Records lye,
 And even the gaping Wounds of Murder whole :
 I, this last Masterpiece requires a Soul.
 Guilt to unmake, and Plots annihilate,
 Is much a greater work than to create.
 Nay both at once to be, and not to be,
 Is such a Task would pose a Deity.
 Let *Baal* do this, and be a God indeed :
 Yes, t'his Immortal Honour 'tis decreed,
 His Sanguine Robe though dipt in reeking Gore,
 With Purity and Innocence all o're,
 Shall dry, and spotless from the purple hue,
 The Miracle of *Gideons* Eleece outdo.
 Yes, they're resolv'd, in all their Foes despight,
 To wash their more than *Ethiop* Treason white.

But now for Heads to manage the design,
 Fit Engineers to labour in this Mine.
 For their own hands 'twere fatal to employ :
 Should *Baal* appear, it would *Baals* Cause destroy.
 Alas, should only their own Trumpets sound
 Their Innocence, the jealous Ears around
 All Infidels would the loath'd Charmer fly,
 And through the *Angels* voice the Fiend descry.
 No, this last game wants a new plotting Set,
 And *Israel* only now can *Israel* cheat.
 In this Machine their profest Foes must move,
 Whilst *Baal* absconding sits in Clouds above,
 From whence unseen he guides their hidden way,
 For he may prompt, although he must not play.
 This to effect a sort of Tools they find,
 Devotion Rovers, and Amphibious Kind ;
 Of no Religion, yet like Walls of Steel.
 Strong for the Altars where their Princes kneel.
 Imperial not Celestial in their Test,
 The Uppermost, indisputably best :

They

They always in the golden Chariot rod,
Honour their Heav'n, and Interest their God.

Of these than subtil *Caleb* none more Great,
Caleb who shines where his lost Father set ;
Got by that Sire, who not content alone,
To shade the brightest Jewel in a Crown,
Preaching Ingratitude t'a Court and Throne ;
But made his Politicks the baneful Root
From whence the springing Woes of *Israel* shoot,
When his Great Masters fatal *Gordian* tyed,
He laid the barren *Michal* by his side ;
That th'ador'd *Absolons* immortal Line
Might on *Judeahs* Throne for ever shine.
Caleb, who does that hardy Pilot make,
Steering in that Hereditary Track,
Blind to the Sea-mark of a Fathers Wrack.

Next *Jonah* stands Bull-fac'd, but Chicken-soul'd,
Who once the *Silver* Sanedrin Controul'd,
Their *Gold-tip'd* Tongue; Gold his great Counsels Bawd :
Till by succeeding Sanedrins outlaw'd,
He was prefer'd to guard the sacred Store :
There Lordly rowling in whole Mines of Oar ;
To Diceing Lords, a Cully-Favorite,
He prostitutes whole *Cargoes* in a Night.
Here to the Top of his Ambition come,
Fills all his Sails for hopeful *Absolom*.
For his Religion's as the Season calls,
Gods in Possession, in Reversion *Baals*.
He bears himself a Dove to Mortal Race,
And though not Man, he can look Heav'n i'th' Face.
Never was Compound of more different Stuff,
A Heart in Lambskin, and a Conscience Buff.

Let not that Hideous Bulk of Honour scape,
Nadab that sets the gazing Crowd agape :
That old Kirk-founder, whose course Croak could sing
The Saints, the Cause, no Bishop, and no King :
When Greatness clear'd his Throat, and scowr'd his Maw,
Roard out Succession, and the Penal Law.
Not so of old: another sound went forth,
When in the Region from *Judea* North,

By the *Triumphant Saul* he was employ'd,
 A huge fanglTusk to goar poor *David's* side:
 Like a Proboscis in the Tyrants Jaw,
 To rend and root through Government and Law.
 His Hand that Hell-penn'd League of *Belial* drew,
 That swore down Kings, Religion overthrew,
 Great *David* banisht, and Gods Prophets slew.
 Nor does the Courts long Sun so powerful shine,
 T'exhale his Vapours, or his Drofs refine;
 The Metal is not mended by the stamp.
 With his rank Oyl he feeds the Royal Lamp.
 To Sanedrins an everlasting Foe,
 Resolv'd his Mighty Hunters overthrow.
 And true to Tyranny, as th'only Gem,
 That truly sparkles in a Diadem;
 To *Absolons* side does his old *Covenant* bring,
 With *State* raz'd out, and interlin'd with KING.
 But *Nadabs* Zeal has too severe a Doom;
 Whilst serving an ungrateful *Absolom*,
 His strength all spent his Greatness to create,
 He's now laid by a cast-out Drone of State.
 He rowz'd that Game by which he is undone,
 By fleeter Coursers now so far out run,
 That fiercer mightier *Nimrod* in his Chace,
 Till quite thrown out, and lost he quits the Race.
 Of Low-born Tools we bawling *Shimei* saw,
Jerusalems late loud-tongu'd MOUTH of Law.
 By Blessings from Almighty Bounty given,
Shimei no common Favorite of Heaven.
 Whom, lest Posterity should loose the Breed,
 In five short Moons indulgent Heaven rais'd Seed;
 Made happy in an Early teeming Bride,
 And laid a lovely Heiress by her side.
 Whilst the glad Father's so divinely blest,
 That like the Stag proud of his Brow so drest,
 He brandishes his lofty City-Crest.
 'Twas in *Jerusalem* was *Shimei* nurst,
Jerusalem by *Baals* Prophets ever curst;
 The greatest Block that stops 'em in their way;
 For which she once in Dust and Ashes lay.

Here

Here to the Bar this whiffing Lurcher came,
 And bark'd to rowze the nobler Hunter's Game.
 But *Shimei's* Lungs might well be stretcht so far;
 For steering by a Court-Ascendant Star,
 For daily Oracles he does address
 To the *Egyptian* beauteous Sorcerers.
 For *Pharoah*, when he wisely did essay
 To bear the long-sought Golden Prize away,
 That fair Enchantress sent, whose Magick Skill
 Should keep great *Israels* sleeping Dragon still.
 Thus by her powerful Inspirations fed,
 To bite their Heels this City-Snake was bred,
 Till *Absalon* got strength to bruise their Head.
 Of all the Heroes since the World began,
 To *Shimei Joshuah* was the bravest Man.
 To him his Tutelar Saint he prays, and oh,
 That great *Jerusalem* were like *Jericho*!
 Then bellowing lowd for *Joshuah's* Spirit calls,
 Because his Rams-horn blew down City-Walls.

In the same Roll have we grave *Korah* seen,
Korah, the late chief Scarlet *Abbethdin*.
Korah, who luckily i'th' Bench was got,
 To rate the Blood-hounds off to save the Plot.
Korah, who once against *Baal's* Impious Cause,
 Stood strong for *Israels* Faith and *David's* Laws.
 He poys'd his Scales, and shook his ponderous Sword,
 Lowd as his Fathers *Basan-Bulls* he roar'd;
 Till by a Dose of Foreign *Ophir* drencht,
 The Fever of his burning Zeal was quencht.
Ophir, that rescu'd the Court-Drugsters Fate,
 Sent in the Nick to gild his Pills of State.
 Whilst the kind Skill of our Law-Emperick,
 Sublim'd his Mercury to save his Neck.
 In Law, they say, he had but a slender Mite,
 And Sence he' had less: for as Historians write,
 The *Arabian* Legate laid a Snare so gay,
 As spirited his little Wits away.
 Of the Records of Law he fancied none
 Like the Commandment Tables grav'd in Stone.
 And wish'd the *Talmude* such, that Soverign sway
 When once displeas'd might th' angry *Moses* play.

Onely his Law was Brittle i'th' wrong place:
 For had our *Corah* been in *Moses* Case,
 The Fury of his Zeal had been employ'd
 To build that Calf which th'others Rage destroy'd.
 Thus *Korah*, *Baals* true Fayry Changeling made,
 He Bleated onely as the *Pharisees* pray'd,
 All to advance that future Tyrant pow'r,
 Should Widows Houses gorge, and Orphans Tears devour.

Nor are these all their Instruments; to prop
 Their Mighty Cause, and *Israels* Murmurs stop;
 They find a sort of Academick Tools;
 Who by the Politick Doctrine of their Schools,
 Betwixt Reward, Pride, Avarice, Hope and Fear,
 Prizing their Heav'n too cheap, the World too dear,
 Stand bold and strong for *Absolons* Defence:
 Int'rest the Thing, but Conscience the Pretence.
 These to ensure him for their *Sions* King,
 A Right Divine quite down from *Adam* bring,
 That old Levitick Engine of Renown,
 That makes no Taint of Souls a bar t'a Crown.
 'Tis true, Rellgions constant Champion vow'd,
 Each open-mouth'd, with Pulpit-Thunder lowd,
 Against false Gods, and Idol Temples bawls;
 Yet lays the very Stones that raise their Walls.
 They preach up Hell to those that *Baal* adore,
 Yet make't Damnation to oppose his pow'r.
 So far this Paradox of Conscience run,
 Till *Israels* Faith pulls *Israels* Altars down.
 Grant Heav'n they don't to *Baal* so far make way,
 Those fatal *Wands* before their Sheepfolds lay:
 Such Motley Principles amongst them thrown,
 Shall nurse that Py-ball'd Flock that's half his own.
 Nor may they say, when *Molocks* Hands draw nigher,
 We built the Pile, whilst *Baal* but gives it fire.

If Monarchy in *Adam* first begun,
 When the Worlds Monarch dug, and his Queen spun,
 His Fig-leaves his first Coronation-Robe,
 His Spade his Scepter, and her Wheel his Globe;
 And Royal Birthright, as their Schools assert,
 Not Kings themselves with Conscience can divert;

How

How came the World possest by *Adams* Sons,
 Such various Principalities, Powers, Thrones?
 When each went out and chose what Lands he pleas'd,
 Whilst a new Family new Kingdoms rais'd?
 His Sons assuming what he could not give,
 Their Sovereign Sires right Heir they did deprive;
 And from Rebellion all their pow'r derive:
 For were there an original Majesty
 Upheld by Right Divine, the World should be
 Onely one Universal Monarchy.
 O cruel Right Divine, more full of Fate,
 Then th' Angeis flaming Sword at *Eden's* Gate,
 Such early Treason through mankind convey'd,
 And at the door of Infant-Nature layd.
 For Right Divine in *Esau's* just defence,
 Why don't they quarrel with Omnipotence,
 The first-born *Esau's* Right to *Jacob* giv'n,
 And Gods gift too, Injustice charge on Heav'n.
 Nay, let Heav'n answer this one Fact alone,
 Mounting a Bastard *Jephtha* on a Throne.
 If Kings and Sanedrims those Laws could make,
 Which from offending Heirs their Heads can take;
 And a First-born can forfeit Life and Throne,
 And all by Law: why not a Crown alone?
 Strange-bounded Law-makers! whose pow'r can throw
 The deadlier Bolt, can't give the weaker Blow.
 A Treasonous Act; nay, but a Treasonous Breath
 Against offended Majesty is Death.
 But, oh! the wondrous Church-distinction given
 Between the Majesty of Kings and Heav'n!
 The venial sinner here, he that intreagues
 With *Egypt*, *Babylon*; Cabals, Plots, Leagues
 With *Israels* Foes her Altars to destroy,
 A Hair untouch'd, shall Health, Peace, Crowns enjoy.
 Truths Temple thus the Exhalations bred
 From her own Bowels, to obscure her Head.
 And *Absolom* already had subdu'd
 Whole Crowds of the unthinking Multitude
 But through these Wiles too weak to catch the Wise,
 Thin as their Ephod-Lawn, a Cobweb Net for Flyes,

The searching Sanedrim saw ; and to dispel
Th' ingendring Mists that threatned *Israel*,
They still resolv'd their plotting Foes Defeat,
By barring *Absolon* th' Imperial Seat.

But here's his greatest Tug; could he but make
Th' encloding Sanedrims resolves once shake;
Nay, make the smallest Breach, or clashing Jar
In their great Council, push but home so far,
And the great point's secur'd.——And lo! among
The Princely Heads of that Illustrious Throng,
He saw rich Veins with Noble Blood new fill'd ;
Others who Honor from Dependance held.
Some with exhausted Fortunes to support
Their Greatness, propt with Crutches from a Court.
These for their Countreys Right their Votes still pass,
Mov'd like the Water in a Weather-glass,
Higher or lower, as the powerful Charm
O'th' Sovereign Hand is either cool or warm.
Here must th' Attacque be made: for well we know,
Reason and Titles from one Fountain flow :
Whilst Favor men no less than Fortunes builds,
And Honor ever moulds as well as guilds.
Honor that still does even new Souls inspire :
Honor more powerful than the Heav'n-stoln Fire.
These must be wrought to *Absolon's* Defence :
For though to baffle the whole Sanedrims Sence,
T' attempt Impossibles would be in vain;
Yet 'tis enough but to *Divide* and *Reign*.

Here though small Force such easie Converts draws,
Yet 'tis thought fit in Glory to their Cause,
Some learned Champion of prodigious Sence,
With mighty and long-studied Eloquence,
Should with a kind of Inspiration rise,
And the unguarded Sanedrim surprize ;
And such resistless conquering reasons press,
To charm their vanquisht Souls, that the Success
Might look like Conscience though 'tis nothing less.

For this Design no Head nor Tongue so well,
As that of the profound *Achitophel*.
How, great *Achitophel*! his Hand, his Tongue!
Babylons Mortal Foe; he who so long

With haughty Sullenness, and scornful Lowr,
 Had loath'd false Gods and Arbitrary Pow'r.
 'Gainst *Baal* no Combatant more fierce than he;
 For *Israels* asserted Liberty,
 No Man more bold: with generous Rage inflam'd,
 Against the old ensnaring Test declaim'd.
 Besides, he bore a most peculiar Hate
 To sleeping Pilots, all Earth-Clods of State.
 None more abhor'd the Sycophant, Buffoon,
 And Parasite, th' excrescence of a Throne;
 Creatures who their creating Sun disgrace,
 A Brood more abject than *Niles* Slime-born Race.
 Such was the brave *Achitophel*; a Mind,
 (If but the Heart and Face were of a kind)
 So far from being by one base Thought deprav'd,
 That sure half ten such Souls had *Sodom* sav'd.
 Here *Baals* Cabal *Achitophel* survey'd,
 And dash'd with wonder half despairing said,
 Is this the Hand that *Absolon* must Crown,
 The Founder of his Temples, Palace, Throne?
 This, This the mighty Convert we must make?
 Gods, h'has a Soul not all our Arts can shake.

At this a wiser, graver Head stept out,
 And with this Language chid their groundless Doubt:
 For shame, no more; what is't that frights you thus?
 Is it his Hatred of our God and us
 Makes him so formidable in your Eye?
 Or is't his Wit, Sence, Honor, Bravery?
 Give him a thousand Vertues more, and plant
 Them round him like a Wall of Adamant,
 Strong as the Gates of Heaven; we'll reach his Heart:
 Cheer, cheer, my Friends, I've found one Mortal part.
 For he has *Pride*, a vast insatiate *Pride*,
 Kind Stars, he's vulnerable on that side.
 Pride that made Angels fall, and Pride that hurl'd
 Entail'd Destruction through a ruin'd World.
Adam from Pride to Disobedience ran:
 To be like Gods, made a lost wretched Man.
 There, there, my Sons, let our pour'd strength all fly:
 For some bold Tempter now to rap him high,

From

From Pinnacles to Mountain Tops, and show
The gaudy Glories of the World below.

At which the Consult came to this Design,
To work him by a kind of Touch Divine.
To raise some holy Spright to do the Feat.
Nothing like Dreams and Visions to the Great.
Did not a little Witch of *Endor* bring
A Visionary Seer t'a cheated King?
And shall their greater Magick want Success,
Their more Illustrious Sorceries do less!

This final Resolution made, at last
Some Mystick words, and invocations past,
They call'd the Spirit of a late Court-Scribe;
Once a true Servant of the Plotting-Tribe:
When both with Forreign and Domestick Cost,
He plaid the feasted Sanedrims kind Host.
H' had scribbled much, and like a Patriot bold,
bid high for *Israels* Peace with *Egypt's* Gold.
But since a Martyr. (Why! as Writers think,
His Masters Hand had over-gall'd his Ink.)
And by protesting *Absoloms* wise care,
Popt into Brimstone ere he was aware.
Him from the Grave they rais'd, in ample kind,
His sever'd Head to his seer Quarters joyn'd;
Then cas'd his Chin in a false Beard so well,
As made him pass for Father *Samuel*.
Him thus equipt in a Religious Cloak,
They thus his new-made Reverence bespok.

Go, awful Spright, hast to *Achitophel*,
Rouze his great Soul, use every Art, Charm, Spell:
For *Absolon* thy utmost Rhet'rick try,
Preach him Succession, roar'd Succession cry,
Succession drest in all her glorious pride,
Succession Worshipt, Sainted, Deify'd.
Conjure him by Divine and Humane Powr's,
Convince, Convert, Confound, make him but ours,
That *Absolon* may mount on *Judah's* Throne,
Whilst all the World before us is our own.

The forward Spright but few Instructions lackt,
Strait by the Moons pale light away he packt,

And

And in a trice, his Curtains open'd wide,
He sate him by *Achitophels* Bed-side.

And in this style his artful Accents ran.

Hear *Israels* Hope, thou more than happy Man,
Beloved on high, witness this Honour done
By Father *Samuel*, and believe me, Son,
'Tis by no common Mandate of a God,
A Soul beatified, the blest abode
Thus low deserting, quits Immortal Thrones,
And from his Grave resumes his sleeping Bones.
But Heav'n's the Guide, and wondrous is the way,
Divine the Embassie : hear, and obey.
How long, *Achitophel*, and how profound
A Mist of Hell has thy lost Reason drown'd?
Can the Apostacy from *Israels* Faith,
In *Israels* Heir, deserve a murmuring Breath?
Or to preserve Religion, Liberty,
Peace, Nations, Souls, is that a Cause so high,
As the Right Heir from Empire to debar?
Forbid it Heav'n, and guard him every Star.
Alas, what if an Heir of Royal Race,
Gods Glory and his Temples will deface,
And make a prey of your Estates, Lives, Laws ;
Nay, give your Sons to *Molochs* burning paws ;
Shall you exclude him ? hold that Impious Hand.
As *Abraham* gave his Son at Gods Command,
Think still he does by *Divine Right* succeed :
God bid him reign, and you should bid Them Bleed.
'Tis true, as Heav'n's Elected Flock, you may
For his Conversion, and your Safety pray :
But Pray'rs are all. To Disinherit him,
The very Thought, nay, Word it self's a Crime.
For that's the MEANS of Safety : but forbear,
For Means are Impious in the Sons of Pray'r.
To Miracles alone your Safety owe ;
And *Abrahams* Angel wait to stop the Blow.
Yes, what if his polluted Throne be strow'd
With Sacrilege, Idolatry, anst Blood ;
And 'tis you mount him there ; you're innocent still :
For he's a King, and Kings can do no ill.

Oh Royal Birth-right, 'tis a Sacred Name :
 Rowze then *Achitophel*, rowze up for shame:
 Let not this Lethargy thy Soul benum;
 But wake and save God-like *Absalom*.
 And to reward thee for a Deed so great,
 Glut thy Desire thy full-crown'd wishes meet,
 Be with accumulated Honors blest,
 And grasp a STAR t'adorn thy shining Crest.

Achitophel before his Eyes could ope,
 Dream'd of an Ephod, Mitre, and a Cope.
 Those visionary Robes t' his Eyes appear'd :
 For Priestly all was the great Sence he heard.
 But Priest or Prophet, Right Divine, or all
 Together ; 'twas not at their feebl' call,
 'Twas at the *Star* he wak'd; the *Star* but nam'd,
 Flash'd in his Eyes, and his rowz'd Soul inflam'd.
 A *Star*, whose Influence had more powerful Light,
 Then that miraculous Wanderer of the Night,
 Decreed to guide the Eastern Sages way :
 Their's to adore a God, his to betray.

Here the new Convert more than half inspir'd,
 Strait to his Closet and his Books retir'd.
 There for all needful Arts in this extream,
 For knotty Sophistry t' a limber Theme,
 Long brooding e'er the Mass to Shape was brought,
 And after many a tugging heaving Thought,
 Together a well-order'd Speech draws,
 With ponderous Sounds for his much-labor'd Cause.
 Then the astonisht Sanedrim he storm'd,
 And with such doughty strength the Tug perform'd:
 Fate did the Work with so much Conquest blest,
 Wondrous the Champion, Glorious the Success.
 So powerful Eloquence, so strong was Wit;
 And with such Force the easie Wind-falls hit.

But the entirest Hearts his Cause could steal,
 Were the Levitick Chiefs of *Israel*.
 None with more Rage the Impious Thought run down
 Of barring *Absolon*, Pow'r Wishes, Crown.
 With so much Vehemence, such fiery Zeal!
 Oh, poor unhappy Church of *Israel*!

Thou

Thou feel'st the Fate of the Arch-Angels Wars,
 The Dragon's Tail sweeps down thy falling Stars.
 Nay, the black Vote 'gainst *Absolon* appear'd
 So monstrous, that they damn'd it e'er 'twas heard.
 For Prelates ne'er in Sanedrims debate,
 They argue in the Church, but not i'th' State;
 And when their Thoughts assant towards Heav'n they turn,
 They weigh each Grain of Incense that they burn;
 But i' Heavens Vice-gerents, Soul, Sence, Reason, all,
 Or right, or wrong, like Hecatombs must fall.
 And when State-busines calls their thoughts below,
 Then like their own Church-Organ-Pipes they go.
 Not *David's* Lyre could more his Touch obey:
 For as their Princes breath and strike, they play.
 'Gainst Royal Will they never can dispute,
 But by a strange *Tarantula* struck mute,
 Dance to no other Tune but *Absolute*.

All Acts of Supreme Power they still admire:
 'Tis sacred, though to set the World on Fire;
 Though Church-Infallibility they explode,
 As making Humane Knowledge equal God;
 Infallible in a new name goes down,
 Not in the Mitre lodg'd, but in the Crown.
 'Tis true, blest *Deborahs* Laws they could forget:
 (But want of Memory commends their Wit.)
 Where 'twas enacted Treason, not to own
 Hers and her Sanedrims right to place the Crown.
 But her weak Heads o'th' Church, mistaken Fools,
 Wanted the Light of their sublimer Schools:
 For Divine Right could no such Forces bring.
 But Wisdom now expands her wider Wing,
 And Streams are ever deeper than the Spring.
 Besides, they've Sence of Honor; and who knows
 How far the Gratitude of Priest-craft goes?
 And what if now like old *Elisha* fed,
 To praise the Sooty Bird that brought 'em Bread,
 In pure acknowledgment, though in despite
 Of their own Sence, they paint the Raven white.
Achitophel charm'd with kind Fortunes Smiles,
 Flusht with Success, now glows for bolder Toils.

Great Wits perverted greatest Mischiefs hold,
 As poysonous Vapors spring from Mines of Gold.
 And proud to see himself with Triumph blest,
 Thus to great *Absolom* himself addrest.

Illustrious Terror of the World, all hail,
 For ever like your Conquering Self prevail.
 In spite of malice in full Lustre thine;
 Be your each Action, Word, and Look Divine.
 Nay, though our Altars you've so long forborn;
 To your derided Foes Defeat and Scorn:
 For your Renown we have those Trumpets found,
 Shall ev'n this deed your highest Glory sound.
 That spite of the ill-judging Worlds mistake,
 Your Soul still owns those Temples you forsake:
 Only by all-commanding Honor driven,
 This self-denial you have made with Heav'n:
 Quitting our Altars, 'cause the Insolence
 Of prophane Sanedrims has driven you thence.
 A Prince his Faith to such low Slaves reveal!
 'Twas Treason though to God to bid you kneel.
 And what though fenceless barking Murmurers scold,
 And with a Rage too blasphemously bold,
 Say *Israels* Crown's for *Esau's* Pottage sold?
 Let 'em rail on; and to strike Envy dumb,
 May the Slaves live till that great Day shall come,
 When their husht Rage shall your keen Vengeance fly,
 And silenc'd with your Royal Thunder die:
 Nay, to out-soar your weak Fore-fathers Wings,
 And to be all that Nature first meant Kings;
 Damn'd be the Law that Majesty confines;
 But doubly damn'd accursed Sanedrims;
 Invented only to eclipse a Crown.
 Oh throw that dull *Mosaick* Land-mark down.
 The making Sanedrims a part of Pow'r,
 Nurst but those Vipers which its Sire devour.
 Lodg'd in the Palace towards the Throne they press;
 For Pow'r's Enjoyment does its Lust encrease.
 Allegiance only is in Chains held fast;
 Make them ne'er thirst, is ne'er to let 'em taste.
 Then, Royal Sir, be Sanedrims no more;
 Lop off that rank luxurious Branch of Pow'r:

Those

Those hungry *Scions* from the *Cedars* root,
 That its Imperial Head towards Heav'n may shoot.
 When Lordly Sanedrims with Kings give Law,
 And thus in yokes like Mules together draw;
 From *Judah's* Arms the Royal Lyon race,
 And *Issachar's* dull Asfs supply the place.
 If Kings o'er common Mankind have this odds,
 Are God's Vicegerents, let 'em act like Gods.
 As Man is Heav'n's own Clay, which it may mould
 For Honor or Dishonor uncontroll'd,
 And Monarchy is mov'd by Heav'nly Springs;
 Why is not Humane Fate i'th' Breath of Kings?
 Then, Sir, from Heav'n your great Example take,
 And be th' unbounded Lord a King should make:
 Resume what bold invading Slaves engrost,
 And only Pow'r's Effeminacy lost.

To this kind *Absolom* but little spoke,
 Only return'd a Nod, and gracious Look:
 For though recorded Fame with Pride has told
 Of his great Actings, Wonders manifold;
 And his great Thinkings most Diviners guess;
 Yet his great Speakings no Records express.

All things thus safe; and now for one last blow,
 To give his Foes a total Overthrow,
 A Blow not in Hells Legends match'd before,
 The remov'd Plot's laid at the Enemies Door.
 The old Plot forg'd against the Saints of *Baal*,
 Cheat, Perjury, and Subornation all,
 Whilst with a more damn'd Treason of their own,
 Like working Moles they're digging round the Throne;
Baal, Baal, the Cry, and *Absolom* the Name,
 But *David's* Glory, Life and Crown the Aim.
 Nay, if but a Petition peep abroad,
 Though for the Glory both of Church and God,
 And to preserve even their yet unborn Heirs;
 There's Blood and Treason in their very Prayers.
 This unexampled Impudence upheld;
 The Governments best Friends, the Crowns best Shield,
 The Great and Brave with equal Treason brands.
 Faith, Honor, and Allegiance strongest Bands

All broken like the Cords of *Sampson* fall,
 Whilst th' universal Leprosie taints all.
 These poysonous Shafts with greater Spleen they draw,
 Than the outrageous Wife of *Potypa*.
 So the chaste *Joseph* uneduc'd to her
 Adult'ries, was pronounc'd a Ravisher.

This hellish Ethnick Plot the Court alarms ;
 The Traytors seventy thousand strong in Arms,
 Near *Endor* Town lay ready at a Call,
 And garrison'd in Airy Castles all.
 These Warriors on a sort of Coursers rid,
 Ne'r lodg'd in Stables, or by Man bestrid.
 What though the Steel with which the Rebels fought,
 No Forge e'er felt, or Anvile ever wrought ?
 Yet this Magnetick Plot, for black Designs,
 Can raise cold Iron from the very Mines.
 To this were twenty under-plots, contriv'd
 By Malice, and by Ignorance believ'd,
 Till Shams met Shams, and Plots with Plots so crost,
 That the true Plot amongst the False was lost.

Of all the much-wrong'd Worthies of the Land
 Whom this Contagious Infamy profan'd,
 In the first Rank the youthful *Ithream* stood,
 His Princely Veins fill'd with great *David's* Blood.
 With so much manly Beauty in his Face,
 Scarce his high Birth could lend a nobler Grace.
 And for a Mind fit for this Shrine of Gold
 Heaven cast his Soul in the same Beauteous Mould ;
 With all the sweets of Prideless Greatness blest,
 As affable as *Abraham's* Angel-Guest.
 But when in Wars his glittering Steel he drew,
 No Chief more bold with fiercer Lightning flew ;
 Witness his tryal of an Arm Divine,
 Passing the Ordeal of a *Burning Mine* :
 Such forward Courage did his Bosom fill,
 Starting from nothing, but from doing ill.
 Still with such Heat in Honors Race he run,
 Such Wonders by his early Valor done,
 Enough to charm a second *Joshuah's* Sun.

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But he has Foes; his fatal Enemies
 To a strange Monster his fair Truth disguise;
 And shew the Gorgon even to Royal Eyes.
 To their false Perspectives his Fate he owes,
 The Spots i'th' Glass, not in the Star it shows.
 Yet when by the Imperial Sentence doom'd,
 The Royal Hand the Princely youth unplum'd:
 He his hard Fate without a Murmur took,
 And stood with that Calm, Duteous, Humble Look,
 Of all his shining Honors unarray'd,
 Like *Isaac's* Head on *Abraham's* Altar laid.
 Yes, *Absalom*, thou hast him in the Toyl,
 Rifled and lost; now triumph in the Spoil,
 His Zeal too high for *Israels* Temple soar'd,
 His God-like Youth by prostrate Hearts ador'd,
 Till thy Revenge from Spite and Fear began,
 And too near Heav'n took Care to make him Man.
 Though *Israels* King, God, Laws share all his Soul,
 Adorn'd with all that Heroes can enrol,
 Yet vow'd Successions cruel Sacrifice,
 Great *Judah's* Son like *Jeptah's* Daughter dies.
 Yes, like a Monument of Wrath he stands;
 Such Ruine *Absolon's* Revenge demands;
 His Curiosity his Doom assign'd:
 For 'twas a Crime of as destructive kind,
 To pry how *Babylons* burning Zeal aspires,
 As to look back on *Sodoms* blazing Fires,
 But spoil'd, and rob'd, his drossier Glories gone,
 His Virtue and his Truth are still his own.
 No rifling Hands can that bright Treasure take,
 Nor all his Foes that Royal Charter shake.

The dreadfull'st Foe their Engines must subdue,
 The strongest Rock through which their Arts must hew,
 Was great *Barzillai*: could they reach his Head,
 Their Fears all hush'd, they had struck Dangerdead.
 That second *Moses*-Guide resolv'd to free
 Our *Israel* from her threatening Slavery,
 Idolatry and Chains; both from the Rods
 Of *Pharoh*-Masters, and *Egyptian* Gods:
 And from that Wilderness of Errour freed,
 Where Dogstars scorch, and killing Serpents breed:

That *Israel's* Liberty and Truth may grow,
 The *Canaan* whence our Milk and Honey flow.
 Such our *Barzillai* ; but *Barzillai* ; too,
 With *Moses* Fate does *Moses* Zeal pursue :
 Leads to that Bliss which his own Silver Hairs
 Shall never reach, Rich onely to his Heirs.
 Kind Patriot, who to plant us Banks of Flow'rs,
 With purling Streams, cool Shades, and Summer Bow'rs,
 His Ages needful Rest away does fling,
 Exhausts his Autumn to adorn our Spring :
 Whilst his last hours in Toyls and Storms are hurl'd,
 And onely to enrich th' inheriting World.
 Thus prodigally throws his Lifes short span,
 To play his Countries generous Pelican.
 But oh, that all-be-devill'd Paper, fram'd,
 No doubt, in Hell ; that Mass of Treason damn'd :
 By *Esau's* Hands, and *Jacobs* Voice disclos'd ;
 And timely to th' Abhorring World expos'd.
 Nay, what's more wondrous, this wast-paper Tool,
 A nameless, unsubscrib'd, and useless scrawl,
 Was, by a Politician great in Fame,
 (His Chains foreseen a Month before they came)
 Preserv'd on purpose, by his prudent care,
 To brand his Soul, and ev'n his Life ensnare.
 But then the *Geshuritish* Troop, well-Oath'd,
 And for the sprucer Face, well-fed, and Cloath'd.
 These to the Bar Obedient Swearers go,
 With all the Wind their manag'd Lungs can blow.
 So have I seen from Bellows brazen Snout,
 The Breath drawn in, and by th' same Hand squeez'd out.
 By helping Oaths may innocently fly,
 When in a Faith where dying Vows can lye.
 Were Treason and Democracie his Ends,
 Why was't not prov'd by his Revolting Friends ?
 Why did not th' Oaths of his once-great Colleagues,
Achitophel and the rest proves his Intreagues ;
 Why at the Bar appear'd such sordid scum,
 And all those Nobler Tongues of Honour dumb ?
 Could he his Plots t' his great Allies conceal,
 He durst to leaky Starving Wretches tell ;

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Such Ignorant Princes, yet such knowing Slaves ;
 His *Babel* building Tools from such poor Knaves.
 Were he that Monster his new Foes would make
 Th'unreasoning World beleive, his Soul so black,
 That they in Conscience did his Side forego,
 Knowing him guilty they could prove him so.
 Then 'twas not Conscience made 'm change their side.
 Or if they knew, yet did his Treasons hide ;
 In not exposing his detested Crime,
 They're greater Monsters than they dare think Him.
 Are these the Profelites renown'd so high,
 Converts to Duty, Honour, Loyalty ?
 Poorly they change, who in their change stand mute:
 Converts to Truth ought Falsehood to confute.
 To conquering Truth, they but small glory give,
 Who turn to God, yet let the Dagon live.

But who can *Amiels* charming Wit withstand,
 The great State-pillar of the Muses Land.
 For lawless and ungovern'd, had the Age
 The Nine wild Sisters seen run mad with Rage,
 Debaucht to Savages, till his keen Pen
 Brought rheir long banisht Reason back again,
 Driven by his Satyres into Natures Fence,
 And lasht the idle Rovers into Sense.
 Nay, his fly Muse, in Style Prophetick, wrot
 The whole Ingtrigue of *Israels* Ethnick Plot ;
 Form'd strange Battalions, in stupendious-wise,
 Whole Camps in Masquerade, and Armies in disguise.
Amiel, whose generous Gallantry, whilst Fame
 Shall have a Tongue, shall never want a Name.
 Who, whilst his Pomp his lavish Gold consumes,
 Moulded his Wings to lend a Throne his Plumes,
 Whilst an Ungrateful Court he did attend,
 Too poor to pay, what it had pride to spend.

But, *Amiel* has, alas, the fate to hear,
 An Angry Poet play his Chronicler ;
 A Poet rais'd above Oblivions Shade,
 By his Recorded Verse Immortal made.
 But, Sir, his livelier Figure to engrave,
 With Branches added to the *Bays* you gave:

No

No Muse could more Heroick Feats rehearse,
 Had with an equal all-applauding Verse,
 Great *David's* Scepter, and *Saul's* Javelin prais'd:
 A Pyramide to his Saint, *Int'rest*, rais'd.
 For which Religiously no Change he mist,
 From Common-wealths-man up to Royalist :
 Nay, would have been his own loath'd thing call'd *Priest*.
 Priest, whom with so much Gall he does describe,
 'Cause once unworthy thought of *Levies* Tribe.
 Near those bright Town's where Art has Wonders done,
 Where *David's* fight glads the blest Summers Sun ;
 And at his feet proud *Jordans* Waters run ;
 A Cell there stands by Pious Founders rais'd,
 Both for its Wealth and Learned *Rabbins* prais'd:
 To this did an Ambitious Bard aspire,
 To be no less than Lord of that blest Quire :
 Till Wisdom deem'd so Sacred a Command,
 A Prize too great for his unhallow'd Hand.
 Besides, lewd Fame had told his plighted Vow,
 To *Laura's* cooing Love perch'd on a dropping Bough ;
Laura in faithful Constancy confin'd
 To *Ethiops* Envoy, and to all Mankind.
Laura though Rotten, yet of Mold Divine ;
 He had all her Cl--ps, and She had all his Coine.
 Her Wit so far his Purse and Sense could drain,
 Till every P--x was Sweetn'd to a Strain.
 And if at last his Nature can reform,
 A weary grown of Loves tumultuous storm,
 'Tis Ages Fault, not His ; of pow'r bereft,
 He left not Whoring, but of that was left.

But wandring Muse bear up thy flagging Wing :
 To thy more glorious Theme return, and sing
 Brave *Jothams* Worth, Impartial, Great, and Just,
 Of unbrib'd Faith, and of unshaken Trust:
 Once *Geshurs* Lord, their Throne so nobly fill'd,
 As if to th'borrow'd Scepter that he held,
 Th'inspiring *David* yet more generous grew,
 And lent him his Imperial *Genius* too.
 Nor has he worn the Royal Image more
 In *Israels* Viceroy, than Embassador :

Witness

Witness his Gallantry that resolute hour,
 When to uphold the Sacred Pride of Pow'r,
 His stubborn Flags from the *Sydonian* shore,
 The angry storms of Thundring Castles bore.
 But these are Virtues Fame much left admire,
 Because deriv'd from that Heroick Sire,
 Who on a Block a dauntless Martyr dy'd,
 With all the Sweetness of a Smiling Bride ;
 Charm'd with the Thought of Honours Starry Pole,
 With Joy laid down a Head to mount a Soul.

Of all the Champions rich in Honours Scars,
 Whose Loyalty through *David's* ancient Wars,
 (In spite of the triumphant Tyrants pride,)
 Was to his lowest Ebb of Fortune ty'd ;
 No Link more strong in all that Chain of Gold,
 Than *Amasai*, the Constant, and the Bold.
 That Warklike General whose avenging Sword,
 Through all the Battles of his Royal Lord,
 Pour'd all the Fires that Loyal Zeal could light,
 No brighter Star in the lost *David's* night.
 No less the Lordly *Zeletks* Glory sound
 For Courage and for Constancy renown'd :
 Though once in nought but borrowd plumes adorn'd,
 So much all servile Flattery he scorn'd ;
 That though he held his Being and Support,
 By that weak Thread the Favour of a Court,
 In Sanedrims unbrib'd, he firmly bold
 Durst Truth and *Israels* Right unmov'd uphold ;
 In spite of Fortune still to Honour wed,
 By Justice steer'd, though by Dependance fed.

With Reverence the Religious *Helon* treat,
 Refin'd from all the looseness of the Great.
Helon who sees his Line of Virtues run
 Beyond the Center of his Grave, his own
 Unfinisht Luster sparkling in his Son.
 A Son so high in Sanedrims renown'd,
 In *Israels* Intrest strong, in Sense profound.
 Under one Roof here Truth a Goddess dwells,
 The Pious Father builds her Shrines and Cells,
 And in the Son she speaks her Oracles.

In the same list young *Adriels* praise record,
Adriel the Academick Neighbour Lord ;
Adriel ennobled by a Grandfather,
 And Unkle, both those Glorious Sons of War :
 Both Generals, and both Exiles with their Lord ;
 Till with the Royal Wanderer restor'd,
 They lived to see his Coronation Pride ;
 Then surfeiting on too much Transport dy'd.
 O're *Adriels* Head these Heroes Spirits shine,
 His Soul with so much Loyal Blood fenc'd in ;
 Such Native Virtues his great Mind adorn,
 Whilst under their congenial Influence born.

In this Record let *Camries* Name appear,
 The Great *Barzillai's* Fellow Sufferer ;
 From unknown Hands, of unknown Crimes accus'd,
 Till th' hunted Shadow lost, his Chains unloos'd.

Now to the Sweet-tongu'd *Amrams* praise be just,
 Once the *State-Advocate*, that Wealthy Trust,
 Till Flattery the price of dear-bought Gold,
 His Innocence for Pallaces unfold,
 To Naked Truths more shining Beauties true,
 Th' Embroider'd Mantle from his Neck he threw.

Next *Hothriel* write, *Baals* watchful Foe, and late
Jerusalem's protecting Magistrate ;
 Who, when false Jurors were to Frenzy Charm'd,
 And against Innocence even Tribunals arm'd,
 Saw deprav'd Justice ope her Ravenous Jaw,
 And timely broke her Canine Teeth of Law.

Amongst the Asserters of his Countries Cause,
 Give the bold *Micah* his deserv'd Applause,
 The Grateful Sanedrims repeated Choice,
 Of Two Great Councils the Successive Voice.
 Of that old hardy Tribe of *Israel* borne,
 Fear their Disdain, and Flattery their Scorne,
 Too proud to truckle, and too Tough to bend.

Of the same Tribble was *Hanan*, *Ithreams* Friend,
 From that fam'd Sire, the Long Robes Glory, sprung,
 In Sanedrims his Countries Pillar long ;
 Long had he fathom'd all the Depths of State ;
 Could with that strength, that ponderous Sense debate,
 As turn'd the Scale of Nations with the weight :

Till subtley made by Spightful Honour Great,
 Prefer'd to *Israels* Chief Tribunal Seat,
 Made in a higher Orb his Beams dispense,
 To hush his Formidable Eloquence.

But *Israels* numerous Worthies are too long
 And Great a Theam for one continued Song.
 Yet These by bold flagitious Tongues run down,
 Made all Conspirers against *Dauids* Crown.

Nay, and there was a Time, had Hell prevail'd,
 Nor Perjury and Subornation fail'd,
 When a long List of Names, for Treason doom'd,
 Had *Israels* Patriots in one Grave entomb'd :
 A List, with such fair Loyal Colours laid,
 Even to no less than Royal Hands convey'd.
 And the great Mover in this pious Fraud,
 A Dungeon Slave redeem'd by a Midnight Bawd :
 Then made by Art a Swearer of Renown,
 Nurst and embrac'd by th' Heir of *Judahs* Crown :
 Encourag'd too by Pension for Reward,
 With his forg'd Scrowls for Guiltless Blood prepar'd.
 Poor Engine for a greatness so sublime :
 But oh, a Cause by which their *Baal* must climb,
 Ennobles both the Actor and the Crime.

Yet This, and all Things else now quite blown o're,
 And *Absolom*, his *Israels* Fear no more :
 Luster and Pride shall hem his radiant Brow ;
 All Knees shall fall, and prostrate Nations bow.
 By Heav'ns, he is, he will, he must, he shall
 Be *Israels* Heroe, Friend, Saint, Idol, all.
 What though provok'd with all the crying sins
 Of Murmuring Slaves, excluding Sanedrims :
 By profane Crowds in dirt his Prophets spurn'd,
 And ev'n his Gods in mock Processions burn'd :
 Himself from *Israel* into *Hebron* sent,
 And doom'd to little less than Banishment.
 In spight of all his Scrowls to *Babylon* ;
 And all the promis'd Wonders to be done,
 When *Egypt's* Frogs should croak on *Judahs* Throne.
 Though of a Faith that Propagates in Blood ;
 Of Passions unforgiving, less withstood

Then Seas and Tempests, and as Deaf as they.
 Yet all Divine shall be his Godlike Sway,
 And his calm Reign but one long *Halcyon* Day.
 And this Great Truth he's damn'd that dares deny;
 'Gainst *Absalom* even Oracles would lye;
 Though Sense and Reason Preach 'tis Blasphemy.
 Then let our dull Mistaken Terrour cease,
 When even our Comets speak all Health and Peace.

F I N I S.
